On The Seventh

by JonMan94

Summary: *Complete Overhaul, new chapters coming soon!* A new story that is set sometime before the start of Halo 4 and after Xenosaga III. The story of two worlds, one rising from the dust of war, the other about to collapse on itself... only the past can solve the future. As true to canon as it can, I hope you guys will like this. Fave and Review!

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Prologue I: Regression

"_Now Spartan, I need you to calm down and listen carefully." _

Mark didn't dare look up to the psychiatrist as he began to run him through the motions, the humming of equipment and gear in the room beginning to disappear as he allowed himself to zone out under the instruction of the man checking him over.

"_Close your eyes and begin to relax. Take a deep breath, and let it out_

slowly."

As he exhaled, he began to hear the paced breathing of another in the same fashionâ€¦ a light, feminine one. It was familiar to him, and yet it's only now that he has felt this presence, especially in his sleepâ€¦ but the being's presence was enough to drive him to the point of jumping off the deep end after the past few missions. The psychiatric checkup was warranted.

"_Concentrate on your breathing. With each breath you become more_

_relaxed. Imagine a brilliant white light above you, focusing on this

light as_

it flows through your body. Allow yourself to drift off as you fall deeper and

deeper into a more relaxed state of mind. Now as I count backward from ten to

_one, you will fill more peaceful, and calm." _

The man's voice became watery, distant and shimmery as he began to see this light, his stress and thoughts becoming forgotten as the countdown pushed him further and further into the desired state, not even the presence of a part of the ship's AI pushing into his cortex to assist in the procedure, her gentle voice taking over for the man's.

"_Ten... Nineâ€¦ Eight... Sevenâ€¦ Sixâ€¦ You_

will enter a safe place where nothing can harm you,"

By the time he opened his eyes, he was standing in mere fatigues, standing in the midst of an endless desert. The voice was merely a figment of his imagination now as he began to walk forward, but not without taking another deep breath, the finial statement kept in mind.

"_Fiveâ€¦ Four... Threeâ€¦ Two... If_

at any time you need to come back, all you must do is open your eyes..."

He didn't hear the countdown finish as saw bright flashes of light in the distance, but what sent him running toward them was the painful screams of a young woman, the wind blowing all around him, as if someone's life had just been extinguished. He stumbled forward just as finished scaling a massive dune, tumbling down until he got a hold of himself, getting up to see two figures in the distance. He ran forward, hoping he wasn't too lateâ€¦ but is fears were soon confirmed as the gentle weeping of another began to fill his hearing, and before long, he stood before a girl in a long, blue dress, a hooded girl in her lap, her face covered.

He stared at them; unable to find anything he could say to comfort the other, who had slowly, began to lock eyes with his. Crystal blue irises filled with immense sorrow pierced through his soul, her pain becoming his as he knelt down with her, his expression sorrowful and sympathetic as he attempted to reach out to her, but a sudden pain in his own chest struck him down, the world changing around before he could even blink.

"_Come back to us now, we've seen enough. Open your eyes, Mark!"
_

End
file.